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DAREDEVIL
APOCALYPSE
DM

IT'S A NOT DAY. LIKE ALL THE REST. ALL TWO YEARS OF THEM.

...YEAH, I'M SURE I SEEN ONE OF YOUR FLICKS. YOU'RE BIG AT THE STAG PARTIES.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN?

TWO YEARS... AND THE MOTION PICTURE EPIC THAT TURNED INTO JUST ANOTHER COME-ON ISN'T EVEN A MEMORY...

PAGE, KAREN PAGE.

LIKE ALL THE REST. EXCEPT THIS ONE HAS A SPECIAL GLOW TO IT. IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU SELL YOUR SOUL.

THAT'S NO WAY TO THINK. GROW UP. IT'S THE EIGHTIES. YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.

AND YOU HAVE TO DO IT...

LOOK, THIS IS WORTH SOMETHING.

TAKE IT TO THE STATES AND YOU'LL GET A MILLION FOR IT.

GIRL WILL SAY LOTS WHEN SHE'S HUNGRY. THINGS I HEAR...

WANT A SHOT? NO, DIDN'T THINK SO -- NOT A SHOT OF BOOZE, ANYWAY...

DAREDEVIL. OKAY? I SAID IT. I SAID THE NAME.

AND HE'S GOT ANOTHER NAME. AND IT'S WRITTEN DOWN RIGHT HERE. YOU WANT IT OR NOT?

SIX WEEKS LATER. ALL JUST AS HOT...

EAST COAST CONNECTION'S DONE RIGHT BY YOU, TONIO. JUST LOOK AT ALL THIS.

NOT LIKE THE OLD DAYS.

OLD DAYS, WE HAD TIME ON OUR HANDS, RALDO. RIGHT NOW, I GOT FIVE MINUTES...

YOUR TIME'S WORTH PLENTY, TONIO -- AND WHAT I GOT'S WORTH PLENTY OF PLENTY.

DAREDEVIL'S SECRET IDENTITY...

THAT'S WORTH YOUR LIFE, RALDO.

OH, NO, THIS -- THIS IS GOOD, MAN...

...AND VERY SOON, AT A MUCH COOLER PLACE...

GOOD, GENTLEMEN, BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH. WE MUST EXPAND MORE QUICKLY INTO LEGITIMATE ENTERPRISES. THEY ARE TO BECOME THE BACKBONE OF OUR ORGANIZATION.

YOU ARE DISMISSED.

UH... EXCUSE ME, SIR...

THERE ISN'T A MAN ON DECK WHO DOESN'T JUMP WHEN STILSON SPEAKS. OR, WELL, THERE'S ONE--

--BUT NOBODY'S SURE IF THE WORD "MAN" QUITE COVERS HIM...

SIR, IT'S FROM MEXICO... MIGHT NOT BE ANYTHING...

...CALLING HIM THE KINGPIN--THAT COVERS HIM, WELL AS ANY WORD CAN.

SAYING HE'S THE BOSS OF EVERY-THING BAD THAT MAKES MONEY IN WHAT MUST BE MOST OF THE FREE WORLD...

...MY COUSIN DOWN THERE...TONIO ...HE...I WOULDN'T BRING IT UP, BUT YOU SAID TO KEEP THE LINES OUT FOR THIS.

LOCAL PUSHER DOWN THERE SAYS HE MET DAREDEVIL'S OLD LADY, HIS OLD OLD LADY, I MEAN. SAYS FOR A ARMFUL SHE SOLD HIS NAME...

...HIS REAL NAME, I MEAN...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, GIVE IT TO ME.

NOBODY NEEDS TO BE TOLD. THEY ALL LEAVE, FAST AS THEY CAN WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE WIMPS.

EXCEPT FOR WESLEY, OF COURSE. WESLEY, HE ALWAYS STICKS AROUND FOR ANY LAST MINUTE ORDERS.

WHICH IS WHY EVERY-BODY'S SO NICE TO WESLEY.

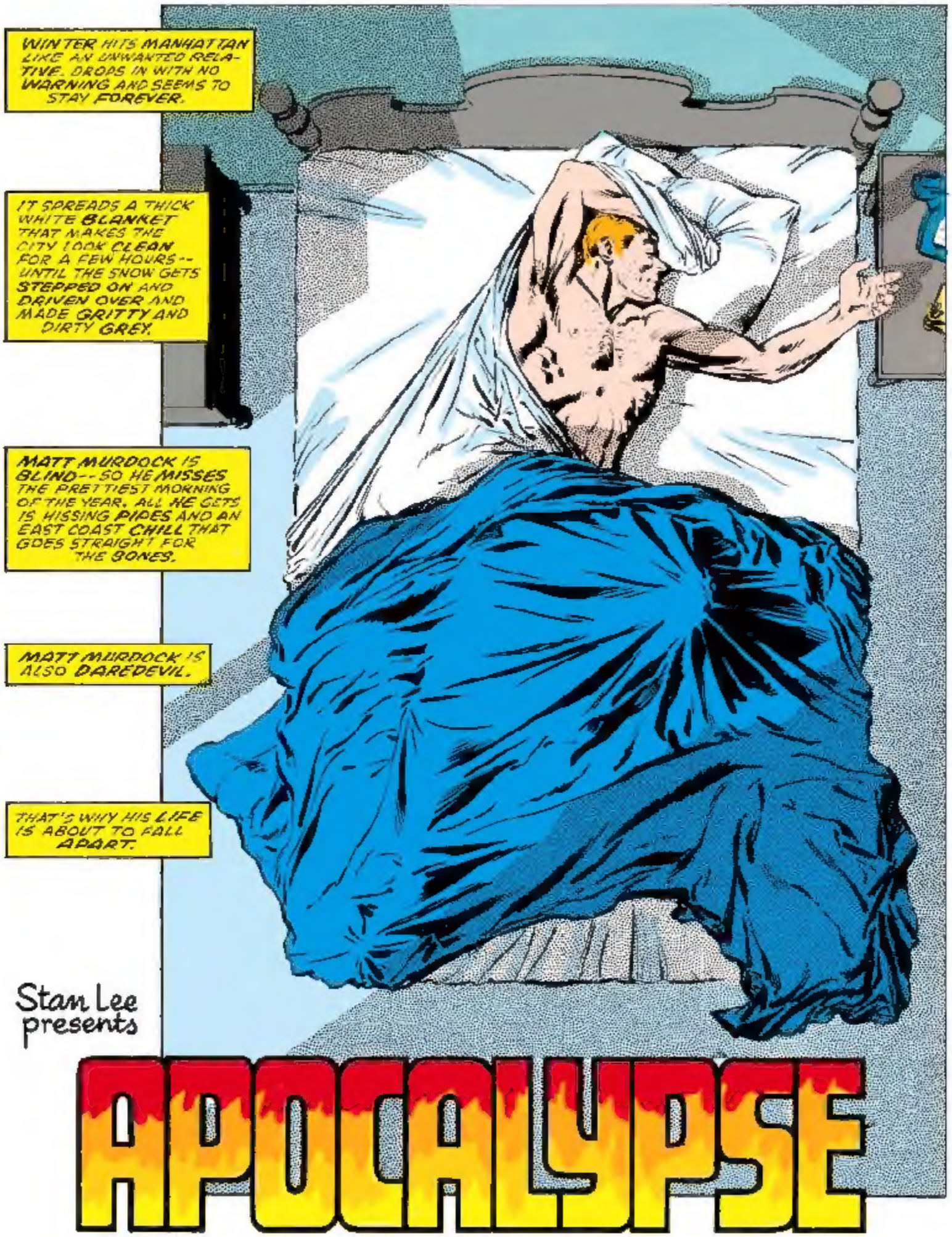
TURN THE YACHT BACK TO NEW YORK.

LOCATE EVERYONE WHO HAS TOUCHED THIS ENVELOPE --OR SPOKEN TO ANYONE WHO HAS -- AND AWAIT THE KILL ORDER.

IN THE MEANTIME...

...I SHALL TEST THE INFORMATION.

SIX MONTHS PASS.


WINTER HITS MANHATTAN LIKE AN UNWANTED RELATIVE. DROPS IN WITH NO WARNING AND SEEMS TO STAY FOREVER.
IT SPREADS A THICK WHITE BLANKET THAT MAKES THE CITY LOOK CLEAN FOR A FEW HOURS -- UNTIL THE SNOW GETS STEPPED ON AND DRIVEN OVER AND MADE GRITTY AND DIRTY GREY.
MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND -- SO HE MISSES THE PRETTIEST MORNING OF THE YEAR. ALL HE GETS IS HISSING PIPES AND AN EAST COAST CHILL THAT GOES STRAIGHT FOR THE BONES.
MATT MURDOCK IS ALSO DAREDEVIL.
THAT'S WHY HIS LIFE IS ABOUT TO FALL APART.

Stan Lee presents

APOCALYPSE

By FRANK MILLER AND DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAREDEVIL... HE ROLLS THE NAME ACROSS THE BRUISE THAT IS HIS MIND... COMFORTING, IT ISN'T. BUT AT LEAST IT'S REAL.

EVERY OTHER PART OF HIM IS SO FAR AWAY...

I DON'T DRINK, HE THINKS. I DIDN'T DRINK LAST NIGHT.

THIS ONLY FEELS LIKE A HANGOVER.

DAREDEVIL...

...A VICTIM. THAT'S WHAT I AM, AND THAT'S WHAT DARE DEVIL IS. A VICTIM OF RADIATION--

--THAT GAVE ME SUPERHUMAN ACUTENESS OF FOUR SENSES --

--AND PLUNGED ME INTO A WORLD OF ETERNAL DARKNESS.

I DIDN'T ASK FOR IT, BUT I BECAME DAREDEVIL. I FIGHT CRIME.

THAT MUCH I'VE DONE RIGHT WITH MY LIFE.

I LISTEN TO THE MUFFLED BEEPS AND BLEATING OF A GROUCHY CITY GONE GROUCHIER. I SHAKE ONE OR TWO OF THE COB-WEBS FROM MY BRAIN.

WHY DID I GET UP THIS MORNING?

DON'T HAVE ANY APPOINTMENTS. DON'T EVEN HAVE A JOB.

AND I'D BETTER LAY OFF CRIMEFIGHTING UNTIL MY KNUCKLES HEAL.

A TINY, ICY DRAFT CUTS ACROSS MY LOWER CALF, REMINDING ME...

...DRAFT'S FROM THE MAIL CHUTE. HEARD THE MAIL SLIP THROUGH IT AND HIT THE FLOOR.

THAT'S WHAT WOKE ME UP. THAT'S WHY I GOT OUT OF BED.

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE JOB OFFERS TO START COMING IN.

I READ THE ENVELOPES WITH MY FINGERS. THE EMBOSSED ONES ARE EASY. GOING BY THE SCANT IMPRESSION OF THE INK ON THE OTHERS IS A PAIN. THIS EARLY IN THE DAY.

NOTHING WITH THE MASTHEAD OF A LAW FIRM...

...WORD MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN OUT YET THAT THE HOTTEST ATTORNEY SINCE F. LEE BAILEY IS UP FOR GRABS.

AMAZING HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE NEWS TO CIRCULATE WHEN YOU WANT IT TO.

NO, NO OFFERS. THREE BILLS, SOMETHING FROM THE MARCH OF DIMES

--THE PLASTIC RECT. ANGLE OF A CASSETTE TAPE FROM MY GIRL-FRIEND--CAN'T BE GOOD, SINCE SHE LIVES IN TOWN--

--LETTER FROM MY BANK, SAYING THEY HAVEN'T RECEIVED MY LAST TWO MORTGAGE PAYMENTS--TRUST THEM TO SCREW UP EVERY CHANCE THEY GET--

--AND A NOTICE FROM INTERNAL REVENUE THAT MY TAX FILES ARE BEING AUDITED AND THAT EVERY PENNY I HAVE IS FROZEN UNTIL THE AUDIT IS COMPLETE.

ALL THIS BEFORE COFFEE.

MATT, THIS IS GLORI!...

...I BEEN TRYIN' TO CALL YE FOR DAYS NOW...

HI, SYD. THIS IS MATT.

JUST GOT SOMETHING FROM THE IRS...

...YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE HOME MUCH--YOU'RE NEVER HOME FOR ME, ANYWAY...

IT'S...WH...WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SYD? YOU'VE BEEN MY ACCOUNTANT FOR... YOU CAN'T...

...YOU CAN'T MEAN THIS, SYD... LYING TO YOU? SYD, MY RECORDS ARE SPOTLESS--

...THIS MAY NOT BE THE BEST WAY TO SAY THIS TO YE, MATT, AND I KNOW THIS IS ALREADY A BAD TIME FOR YE...

--HELLO?

...BUT I'M OUT OF PATIENCE, MATT. THE WAY YE TREAT ME, I...

...I'M THROUGH WITH YE. MAYBE IF YE'D LET ME IN ON WHAT'S PLAGUING YE, I'D... BUT...

...I'D APPRECIATE YE NOT MAKIN' THIS ALL ANY MORE DIFFICULT. I... WHAT IM SAYIN' IS THAT I'D RATHER YE DIDN'T CALL ME...

NOK NOK

IT'S A SUB-POENA, DE-MANDING MY PRESENCE AT A GRAND JURY HEARING.

NOT AS A WITNESS.

ONE HOUR LATER, UPTOWN...

YOU'RE A DISEASE, MAWTHEW.

I'M RISKING MY STANDING JUST BY TALKING WITH YOU.

IF THE CHARGE HAD BEEN MADE BY ANY OTHER COP-- ANY OTHER, MAWTHEW--

--BUT NICHOLAS MANOLIS, TWENTY YEARS OF IMPECCABLE PERFORMANCE...

I KNOW HIS RECORD.

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO JUDGE YOU. BUT THIS IS A SWORN STATEMENT FROM LT. MANOLIS.

HE SAYS HE SAW YOU PAY A WITNESS TO PERJURE HIMSELF IN THAT HENDRICKS CASE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE NICK MANOLIS WOULD DO THIS-- NOT FOR ANYTHING...

WE NEVER HAD THIS CONVERSATION, MAWTHEW.

AND WHAT-EVER YOU DO-- DON'T HARASS MANOLIS. WOULDN'T BE GOOD FORM...

HAVE A NICE DAY.

DON'T PUSH IT...

NIGHT FALLS, TOO QUICKLY...

...SNOW'S GOT THE TRAFFIC ALL *SNARLED*. GOT HERE AS FAST AS I *COULD*.

Y'KNOW, YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR *DOOR* UNLOCKED LIKE THIS, GLORI.

IT'S NOT--

GLORI!

OH, *NO*...

TOOK *EVERYTHING*, FOGGY--CAME *HOME* AND THEY'D TAKEN *EVERYTHING*--

-- WHAT KIND OF *PEOPLE* WOULD *DO* THIS--

--*HATEFUL* CITY *HATEFUL*-- SCARES ME WORSE THAN *BELFAST* BOMBS AND *ALL*--

-- THEY RUINED MY *PICTURES* FOGGY WHAT KIND OF *PEOPLE*--

YOU'RE *SAFE*, GLORI. *THAT'S* WHAT COUNTS. COME ON... I'LL FIX YOU A CUP OF *COFFEE*...

--*NO* NOT *HERE*-- WITH EVERYTHING *BROKEN* AND SKEWED *AROUND*--

-- I CAN'T *STAY* HERE TONIGHT --

My name is BEN ULRICH. I'm a REPORTER

I'm working the NIGHT SHIFT at a great metropolitan NEWSPAPER when a piece of DYNAMITE is dropped on my desk

DAILY BUGLE

It's not the kind that KISSES. It just RUSTLES in Robertson's HAND

CHECK THIS ONE OUT FOR ME BEN

SURE. I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME

It's disguised as an Associated Press WIRE--

-- that says MATT MURDOCK faces a HOST OF criminal charges including BRIBERY PERJURY and MISCONDUCT

MATT MURDOCK is the most HONEST man I KNOW

MATT... BEN, I JUST HEARD--

I have no statement for the press. A stranger tells me.

MATT... IF IT'S OFF THE RECORD--YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME

A CHUCKLE like ICE CRACKING

MATT... I'M YOUR FRIEND, REMEMBER?

He LAUGHS. The line goes DEAD

The LAUGH seems to ECHO through the office. I try to match it with the man who SAVED MY LIFE

I WORRY--not about his HONESTY

THE BANK INSISTS I HAVEN'T PAID THEM

THEY NEED EM TO FORECLOSE.

I LOSE MY TEMPER AND YELL AT THEM AND THEY HANG UP ON ME.

I PULL OUT MY CHECK-BOOK AND RUN MY FINGERS ACROSS THE STUBS. THEY'RE WRITTEN WITH A BALLPOINT PEN-- LEAVES DEEP EASY TO-READ GROOVES IN THE PAPER

I WROTE THE CHECKS ALL RIGHT ON TIME, LIKE ALL MY BILLS

- BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THEM IN MY MONTHLY STATEMENTS

THE BANK NEVER CASHED THEM

MAYBE THEY WERE LOST IN THE MAIL

WITH MY MONEY FROZEN BY THE IRS HOW CAN I..

...I HATE MONEY..

OUTSIDE THE SNOW HAS TURNED TO SLEET, TRYING TO CHIP AWAY THE WALLS AROUND ME

SOMETHING LOOSE AND WILD FLOWS THROUGH THE CITY I FEEL MY PULSE QUICKEN LIKE A JUNGLE DRUM.

IT'S THE NIGHT I'VE ALWAYS LOVED IT

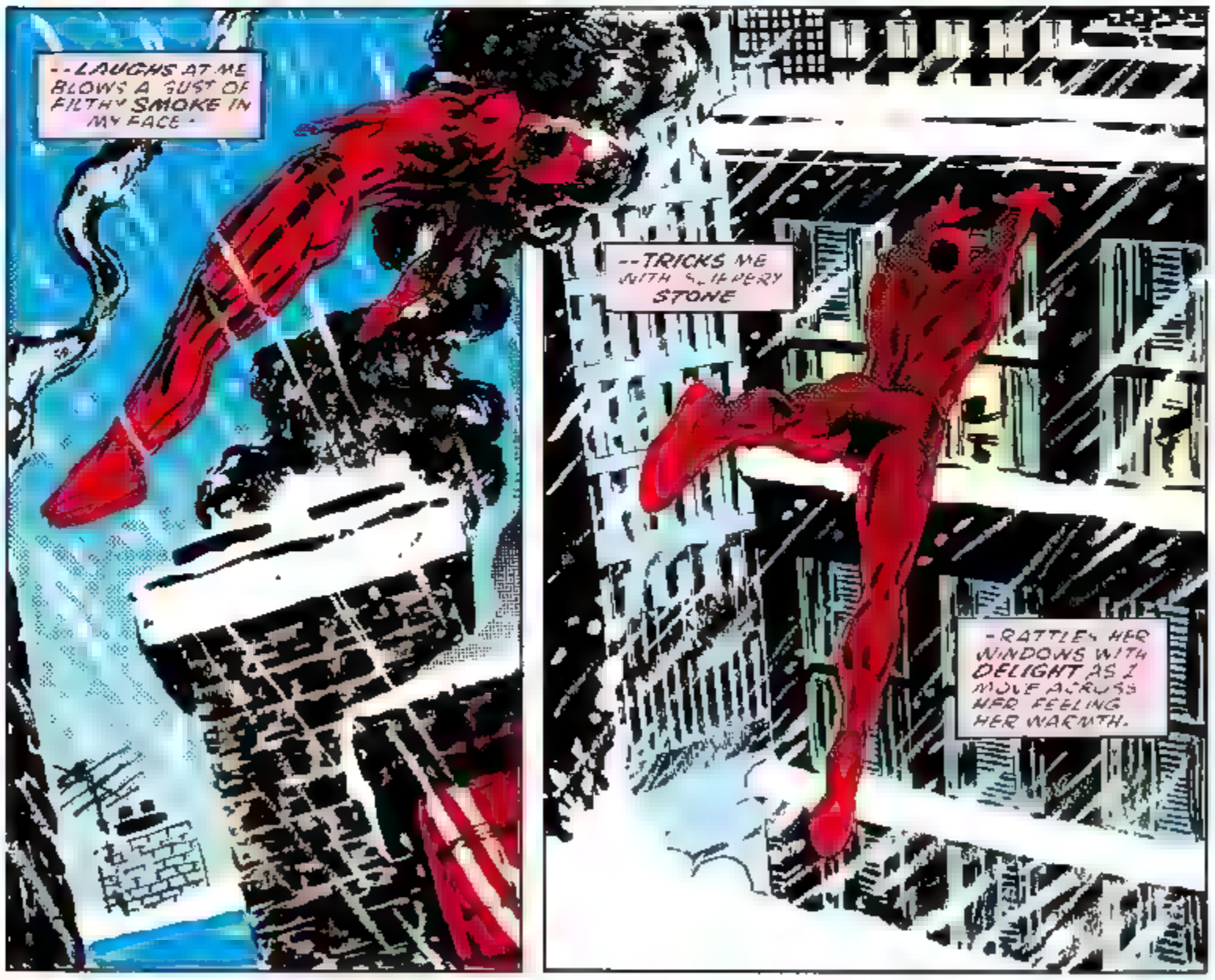
I GRAB THE WEIGHTLESS BUNDLE OF CLOTH -THE ONLY PART OF MY LIFE WORTH LIVING ANY MORE..

...THE ONE RELIEF I CAN GIVE MYSELF...

.WHEN IT ALL GETS TO BE TOO MUCH.

SHE GREETS ME WITH A BLAST OF WIND AND HER ENDLESS ANGRY ROAR.

SHE HUMS WITH POWER AND TICKLES MY LEGS WITH A THOUSAND FLIRTING FINGERS -


--LAUGHS AT ME BLOWS A GUST OF FILTHY SMOKE IN MY FACE -
--TRICKS ME WITH SLIPPERY STONE
-RATTLES HER WINDOWS WITH DELIGHT AS I MOVE ACROSS HER FEELING HER WARMTH.

GETTING *NASTY* OUT THERE HUH?

BOY SEEMS LIKE JUST *YESTERDAY* T WAS *FALL*

YESTERDAY IT *WAS* FALL FOGGY.

S POSE IT WAS. WANT SOME MORE *DECAF*?

SURE AND I'LL *BURST* IF I DO

FOGGY . I SO *APPRECIATE* YOUR *KINDNESS* WHEN I CAME *HOME*--AND *SAW* THE T WAS LIKE I D N'T HAVE A FRIEND IN THE ENTIRE *WORLD*.

SHOULDN'T *EVER* FEEL *THAT* WAY AGAIN

AND *YOURS* WAS THE VERY FIRST NAME I *THOUGHT* OF. AND HERE I AM ALL *WARM* AND *COMFORTED*.

WHY I M NOT EVEN *QUAKIN'* ANY MORE . THOUGHT *SURE* I C *NEVER* STOP

.. HERE .. FEEL MY *HAND*...

WILL YOU LOOK AT THE *TIME*. .

.. BETTER GET TO *BED*. .

..I'LL TAKE THE *COUCH*

THE MUSIC IN THERE IS THE KIND YOU HEAR IN DEPARTMENT STORES THERE'S SOMETHING OBSCENE ABOUT PLAYING IT LOUD.

AND LOUD IT IS. I'M SURPRISED THE BUILDING DOESN'T SHAKE.

HOW HE CAN FOLLOW THAT STUPID SITCOM HE'S WATCHING IS BEYOND ME. OF COURSE I'VE GOT THIS PROBLEM WITH VISUAL ENTERTAINMENT...

HE GRUNTS. UNSTEADY DRUNKEN STEPS WORK THEIR WAY TO THE KITCHEN. I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME

TWENTY YEARS, NICK.

...WHY START LYING NOW?

GET OUT OF MY HOME.

IT'S ALL WRONG, NICK. I KNOW YOU.

AND I HAVE TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO RUIN MATT MURDOCK

HE FLINCHES, AT THE NAME. I SMELL HIS OILY, GUILTY SWEAT.

I FEEL THE HEAT ON HIS CHEEK--A FLUSH OF DEFENSIVE RAGE.

THE SOUND BELONGS IN A SOUTH STREET BAR--

WHACK

I COULD FORCE THE TRUTH FROM HIM, TOUGH AS HE IS.

I'D HAVE TO USE TORTURE...

FAPP

SKRUNCH!

CORN FLAKES

HE'D DESERVE IT...

I SAID GET OUT OF MY HOME--

KLIK WHRRR KLIK WHRRRR

HE SHOWED UP. YEAH DAREDEVIL, I DID WHAT YOU SAID TO

ABOUT MY BOY... DOCTORS SAID HE NEEDS THAT TREATMENT SOON...

HE GOES ON-- ABOUT HIS BOY AND HOW HE'LL SAY WHATEVER THEY WANT HIM TO SAY AT THE HEARING.

A SYMPHONIC VERSION OF THE THEME TO "KOJAK" IS GETTING INTO FULL SWING, SO I MISS THE JOKE ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.

IT'S HARD TO STOMACH THE MUZAK OR NICK'S WHINING

--SO I LEAVE HIM AT THE MERCY OF HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

I'VE LEARNED THIS MUCH-- SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET MATT MURDOCK. SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS THE RIGHT BUTTONS TO PUSH WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

BUT WHO? AND WHY?

I GO HOME - MORE AND MORE IT FEELS LIKE THE ONLY SAFE PLACE--

--IT ISN'T UNTIL I TRY TO FIX DINNER THAT I REALIZE THE POWER'S OFF

I TRY CON EDISON'S EMERGENCY NUMBER. MY PHONE'S BEEN DISCONNECTED

IT'S BEEN A DAY

THE FIRST THING FOGGY NELSON FEELS THIS MORNING IS AN IRRITATING KNOT AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL.

HE FORGETS IT AS SOON AS HE SMELLS THE FRYING BACON.

-- AND EGGS--

-AND PANCAKES.

FOGGY THINKS HE'S DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN.

MUST'VE THAT'S AN ANGEL

SHE GLANCES AT HIM HE FEELS HER SMILE BEFORE HE SEES IT

SHE DOESN'T SAY A WORD.

RINGG

NELSON RESIDENCE

..HELLO MATT... NO, YE DIDN'T MISDIAL, I'LL PUT H M ON..

MATT! HI! LISTEN THE CRAZIEST THING HAPPENED LAST NIGHT--

--WHAT? HARD TO HEAR YOJ MATT WHERE--A PHONE BOOTH? AT THIS HOJR?...

...WH..DID YOU SAY GRAND JURY? ...NO I HADN'T HEARD

OH GOLLY, OH GOLLY.

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS SO POORLY FOR MATTHEW MURDOCK

HE WRITHES LIKE A FLY IN A SPIDER'S WEB. MY WEB THINKS THE KINGPIN

SO CAREFULLY WOVEN SO NEATLY PLACED

HIS PLANT AT THE LAW LIBRARY REPORTS TO THE CRIMELORD OF MURDOCK'S DAYS SPENT WORKING WITH HIS PARTNER BEYOND ALL FATIGUE, STRIVING TO FORM A DEFENSE AGAINST THE PERFECT FRAME.

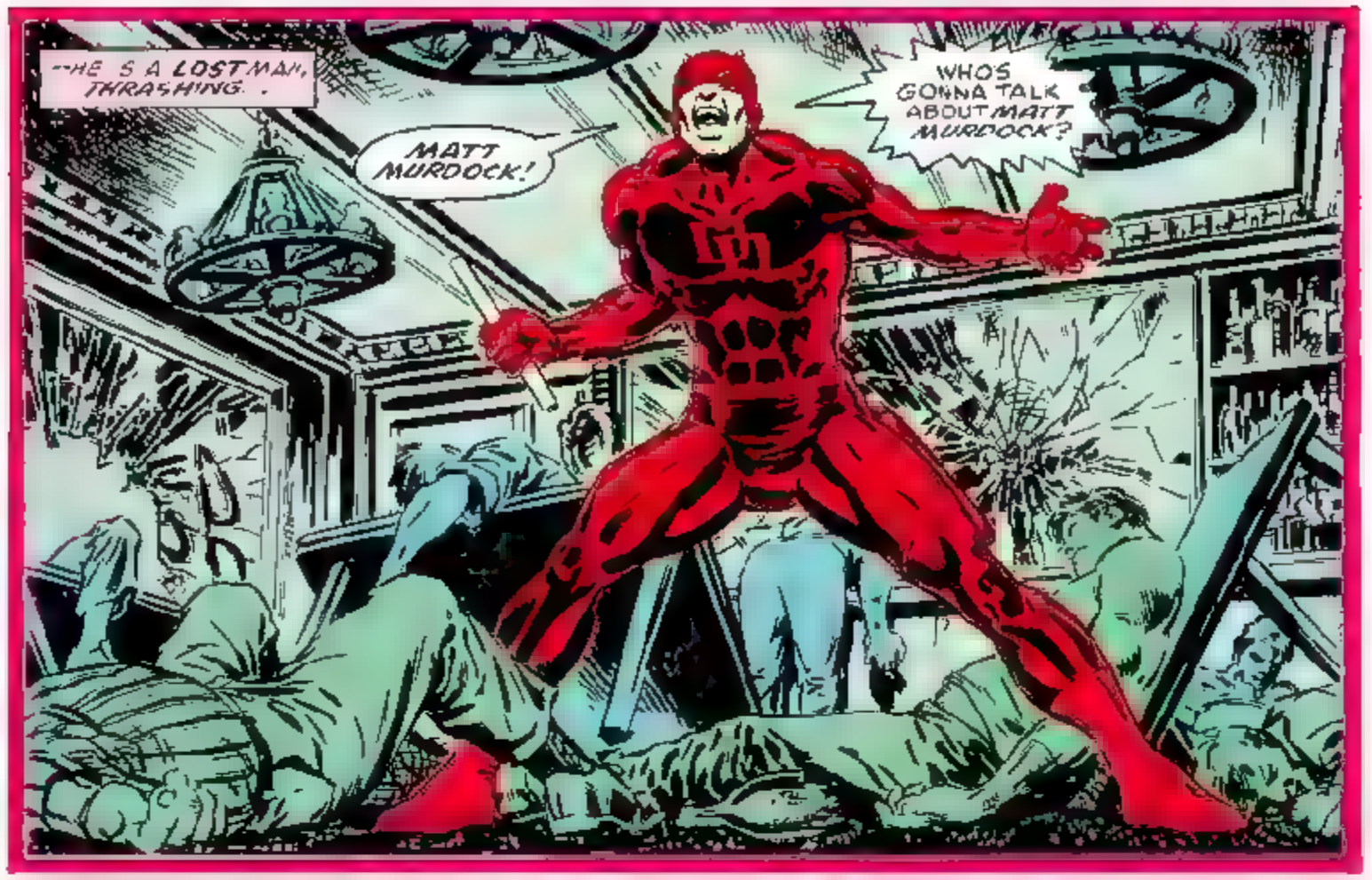
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY TELESCOPE--FOR THE MAN'S DEFENSES ARE YET UNKNOWN--PROVIDE A STOP-MOTION STUDY OF MURDOCK'S DETERIORATION

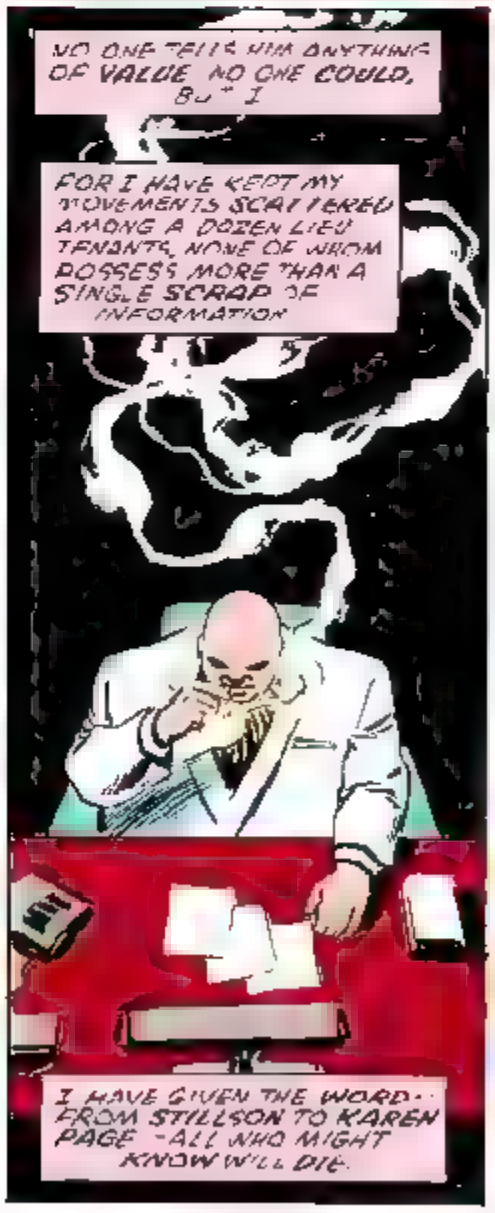
...MOST DELICIOUS ARE THE NIGHTS, AS LOW-LEVEL STOOLIES, LIKE DISTANT NERVE ENDINGS, TELL OF INCREASINGLY VIOLENT, INCREASINGLY ABERRANT ASSAULTS BY A WARRIOR WHOSE FISTS ARE NO HELP AGAINST THE CORROSIVE GAS THAT FILLS HIS LIFE

...ASSAULTS WHICH CLIMAX IN AN ENLIGHTENING EPISODE

IT HAPPENS IN A WATERFRONT SALOON--ONE HE FREQUENTS TO PRY INFORMATION FROM THE LOWEST ECHELON OF MY ORGANIZATION

ONE HE ENTERS NOW AS AN ANGRY BEGGAR--WITH NO SENSE OF CAUTION OR STRATEGY




NO ONE TELLS HIM ANYTHING OF VALUE. NO ONE COULD, BUT I
FOR I HAVE KEPT MY MOVEMENTS SCATTERED AMONG A DOZEN LIED TENANTS, NONE OF WHOM POSSESS MORE THAN A SINGLE SCRAP OF INFORMATION
I HAVE GIVEN THE WORD-- FROM STILLSON TO KAREN PAGE -ALL WHO MIGHT KNOW WILL DIE.

DAREDEVIL IS MATTHEW MURDOCK --AND MORE--
THERE IS A RIFT INSIDE HIM--A WEDGE --STEADILY WEAKENING HIS REASON.
-- STEADILY DRIVING HIM INSANE.

THE **HEARING** IS MADE NOTEWORTHY BY THE PERFORMANCE OF **FRANKLIN NELSON**, WHOSE EYE FOR LEGAL **DETAIL** AND IMAGINATIVE USE OF **PRECEDENT** CAUSE ME TO MAKE A NOTE TO HAVE HIM **HIRED**.

...EVEN AS HE HEARS THE MUCH-TEMPERED VERDICT OF THE COURT THAT HE WILL NOT FACE A PRISON SENTENCE, AS I HAD PLANNED-

THAT ALL HE WILL LOSE IS HIS LICENSE TO PRACTICE LAW...

. WHATEVER REACTIONS HE HAS ARE HIDDEN -- EVEN, I SUSPECT, FROM HIMSELF.

HE FACES POVERTY AND PUBLIC SHAME. HE WILL BE HOUNDED BY DOCTORED TAX FILES, DEPRIVED OF HIS VERY HOME SURVIVAL WILL BECOME HIS ONLY CONCERN.

PERHAPS I WILL HIRE HIM -- WHAT IS LEFT OF HIM -- AFTER A TIME AFTER HE HAS LEARNED HOW POWER-LESS HE IS.

HIS TALENTS WOULD BE VALUABLE -- AND HIS HONOR WILL CRUSH ITSELF

HIS TALENT. YES. ANY MAN SO DEDICATED AS TO PRETEND TO BLINDNESS IN DAILY LIFE HAS SURELY DEVELOPED A RANGE OF METHODS AND TECHNIQUES THAT WOULD BE AN ASSET TO MY ENTERPRISES.

AN EFFICACIOUS OPPONENT STILL HE INTRIGUES ME. STILL I AM NOT SATISFIED.

I SHOULD NOT TAMPER WITH THIS. I AM WELL POSITIONED. I SHOULD LEAVE HIM TO THE MISERY THAT AWAITS HIM

I MUST DENY MYSELF THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF A KILLING STROKE...

I FEEL AWFUL, MATT. . JUST AWFUL...

YOU WERE BRILLIANT, FOGGY. YOU KEPT ME OUT OF PRISON.

I HAVEN'T DONE MUCH TO DESERVE THIS KIND OF FRIENDSHIP

NEVER STOPS DOING NOT HERE BUT KAREN PAGE IS COLD - SHAKING WITH COLD FROM HEAD TO FOOT--

IT STREAKS ALONG HER ARMS AND LEGS AND HER STOMACH LURCHES LIKE AN AIRPLANE ENGINE STARTING

- GOT NO MONEY BUT STILL HAVE SOME OF MY LOOKS LEFT

HE'D SAID THAT SAME I STILL HAVE SOME OF MY LOOKS -

ENOUGH FOR -

SOME OF MY LOOKS I'M JUST TWENTY-FIVE--

FUPP

SPAKK

- EVEN AS SHE RUNS SHE HATES HERSELF FOR THE NAME THAT COMES TO HER--

FUPP

SPAKK

- THE MAN WHO ALWAYS HELPED--

-- MATT--

THE NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SITS TOO BIG IN MY JACKET POCKET. I'VE GOT THIRTY DAYS TO AVOID REPOSSESSION --BY PAYING OUT MONEY THE IRS WON'T LET ME NEAR.
THIRTY DAYS AND TEN DOLLARS IN MY WALLET AND...

...AND I'M NOT A LAWYER ANYMORE...

I'M NOT DEFEATED, EITHER. NOT YET.
MAYBE...MAYBE I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT ALL WRONG. LOOKING FOR A SINGLE ENEMY TO PIN IT ALL ON.
MAYBE IT'S EVERY-BODY. FROM INTERNAL REVENUE TO CON ED TO MA BELL TO--
--TO GLORI. I CALL FOGGY AT SEVEN IN THE MORNING AND GLORI ANSWERS.
FOGGY. HE'S IN ON IT TOO.

NO. FOGGY STOOD UP FOR ME. FOUGHT FOR ME. HE...BUT THAT COULD BE PART OF THE PLAN--
--WHAT AM I THINKING?

JUST TIRED. NEED TO SLEEP. IN MY OWN BED. MY OWN BED.
TOMORROW... TOMORROW I'LL DO SOMETHING...

LEGS ARE SHAKY. MUST BE NERVOUS...
NO--IT'S THE PAVEMENT--
--THAT RUMBLE--

I HEAR A BABY CRYING...

...NO, NOT A BABY--SIRENS. FIRETRUCKS.

GUESS I'VE BEEN STANDING HERE FOR AWHILE. FIREMEN TAKE FOREVER TO SHOW UP, TRAFFIC GETS IN THEIR WAY.

DUST...THE DUST IS THICK. COULD CHOKE ON IT...

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT.

SO YOU KNOW.

SO THAT'S WHY.

I NEVER WOULD HAVE CONNECTED IT TO YOU. NOTHING ABOUT IT SAID GANGSTER--UNTIL THIS.

IT WAS A NICE PIECE OF WORK, KINGPIN.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SIGNED IT.

MILTON19